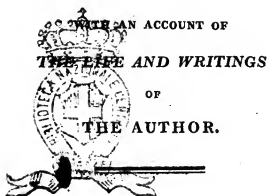


73
6

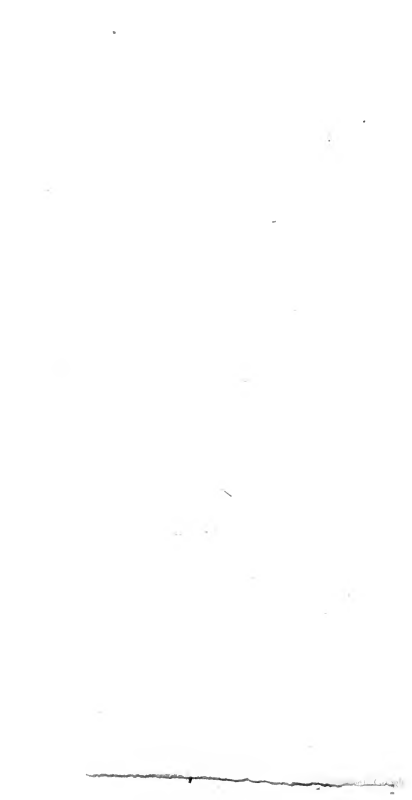
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.



LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY EVANCE, AND
FOX, STATIONERS' COURT;
AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1818.

Ellerton and Henderson, Printers.



SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

THIS gentleman was born at Fernes, in the province of Leinster, in Ireland, in the year 1731. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, had four sons, of whom Oliver was the youngest. He studied the classics in Mr. Hughes's school; and on the 11th of June, 1744, was admitted a sizar in Trinity College, Dublin.

During his continuance at the University, he made no display of those shining abilities which afterwards so distinguishedly marked his genius. In the month of February, 1749, which was two years after the regular course of those things, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1751, he visited Edinburgh, having previously turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and attended some courses of anatomy in Dublin. At Edinburgh, he studied the different branches of medicine under the respective professors in that University. His thoughtless, though beneficent disposition, soon involved him in difficulties; and, having made himself responsible for the debt of another person, a fellow-student, he was obliged abruptly to leave Scotland, in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland; but being pursued by a legal process, on account of the debt we have just mentioned, he was arrested: but he was afterwards set at

liberty by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane, and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college.

Having surmounted this embarrassment, he embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived at Rotterdam; from whence he went to Brussels; then visited great part of Flanders, and afterwards Strasbourg and Louvain, where he continued some time, and obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic. From thence he went to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman. It is a circumstance worth recording, that he had so strong a propensity to see different countries, men and manners, that even the necessity of walking on foot could not deter him from this favourite pursuit. His German flute, on which he played tolerably well, frequently supplied him with the means of subsistence; and his learning procured him a favourable reception at most of the religious houses he visited. He himself tells us, that whenever he approached a peasant's house, he played one of his most merry tunes, and that generally procured him not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich, who generally despised both him and his music.

He had not been long arrived at Geneva, when he met with a young man, who, by the death of an uncle, was become possessed of a considerable fortune, and to whom Mr. Goldsmith was recommended for a travelling companion. As avarice was the prevailing principle of this young man, it cannot be supposed he was long pleased with his preceptor, who was of a contrary turn of mind.

Mr. Goldsmith, during his residence at the college of Edinburgh, had given marks of his rising genius for poetry, which Switzerland greatly contributed to bring to maturity. It was here he wrote the first sketch of his *Traveller*, which he sent to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, despising Fame and Fortune, retired with an amiable wife, on an income of only forty pounds per annum, to pass a life of happiness and obscurity.

LIFE OF DR. GOLDSMITH: ♥

Our poet and his pupil continued together until they arrived at the south of France, where, on a disagreement, they parted, and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties that a man could experience, who was in a state of poverty, in a foreign country, without friends. Yet, notwithstanding all his difficulties, his ardour for travelling was not abated; and he persisted in his scheme, though he was frequently obliged to be beholden to his flute and the peasants. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and about the beginning of the winter, in 1758, he arrived at Dover.

His situation was not much mended on his arrival in London, at which period the whole of his finances were reduced to a few halfpence. What must be the gloomy apprehensions of a man in so forlorn a situation, and an utter stranger in the metropolis! He applied to several apothecaries for employment; but his awkward appearance, and his broad Irish accent, were so much against him, that he met only with ridicule and contempt. At last, however, merely through motives of humanity, he was taken notice of by a chemist, who employed him in his laboratory.

In this situation he continued, till he was informed that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. He then quitted the chemist, and lived some time upon the liberality of the doctor; but, disliking a life of dependence on the generosity of his friend, and being unwilling to be burthensome to him, he soon accepted an offer that was made him, of assisting the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in the education of young gentlemen, at his academy at Peckham. During the time he remained in this situation, he gave much satisfaction to his employer; but as he had obtained some reputation from criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, he eagerly engaged in the compilation of that work, with Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor. He accordingly returned to London, took

a lodging in Green-Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey and commenced a professed author.

This was in the year 1759, before the close of which he produced several works, particularly a periodical publication, called *The Bee*, and *An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. He also became a writer in *The Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared under the title of *Chinese Letters*. His reputation extended so rapidly, and his connections became so numerous, that he was soon enabled to emerge from his mean lodgings in the Old Bailey, to the politer air of the Temple, where he took chambers in 1762, and lived in a more creditable manner. At length, his reputation was fully established by the publication of *The Traveller* in the year 1765. His *Vicar of Wakefield* followed his *Traveller*, and his *History of England* was followed by the performance of his Comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, all which contributed to place him among the first rank of the poets of these times.

The Good-natured Man was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in the year 1768. Many parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished, than *Croaker's*; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the composition of the incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. The audience, however, having been just before exalted on the sentimental stilts of *False Delicacy*, a Comedy by Mr. Kelly, they regarded a few scenes in Mr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless *The Good-natured Man* succeeded, though in a degree inferior to its merit. The prologue to it, which is excellent, was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In 1773, the Comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, or *The Mistakes of a Night*, was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre. This piece was considered as a farce by some writers: even if so, it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, which is that of the robbery, is said to be borrowed from *Albamazzar*. Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of the theatre, had very little opinion of this piece, and made so keen a remark on it, while in rehearsal, that the Doctor never forgave him for it. The piece, however, succeeded contrary to Mr. Colman's expectations, being received with uncommon applause by the audience.

The last theatrical piece the Doctor produced, was *The Grumbler*, a Farce, altered from Sedley. It was acted at Covent-Garden, in 1773, for the benefit of Mr. Quick; but it was acted only one night, and was never printed.

The Doctor might, with a little attention to prudence and economy, have placed himself in a state above want and dependence. He is said to have acquired, in one year, one thousand eight hundred pounds; and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death. But these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained at times as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state.

He had been for some years, at different times, affected with a violent stranguary, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life, and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, in spite of the most able medical assistance, terminated in his dissolution on

the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument hath since been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of a literary club to which he belonged. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments; underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Englished.

This Monument is raised
to the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian;
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorn'd by His Pen.
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears,
He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province
of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th Nov. 1731.
He was educated at Dublin;
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

P O E M S

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.



DEDICATION
TO
THE TRAVELLER.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

Dear Sir,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations: but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the

powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Brother,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale!
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.

The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurs the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:

Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

THE TRAVELLER.

17

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child:
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mams the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
 And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the black Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him lothe his vegetable meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when repress:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies.
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid panse with finer joy:
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Outch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire;
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise, too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all eternal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampier's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide:
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind:
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear.
Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
But, foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown:
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd:
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The laud of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;

And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;

Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy
Gilds the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

DEDICATION
TO
THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Dear Sir,

I CAN have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification, and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplures is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me

B

to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display — But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not: the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,
Your sincere Friend,
and ardent Admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET *Auburn!* loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
 swain,
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on every charm,
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
 For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way:
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest:
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man.
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet *Auburn*! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below—
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail:
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashing spring:
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place:
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village-master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truaut knew.
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew:
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could guage:
 In arguing, too, the parson ow'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still!
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around:
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame: the very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place:
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

33

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train:
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd:
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd :
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band :
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 35

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts !—Ah ! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village-plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet *Auburn*, thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !
 Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild *Altama* murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the Western Main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 37

Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue! fare thee well.
Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON:
A POETICAL EPISTLE
TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your ven'son; for finer or
fatter

Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The white was so white, and the red was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating.
I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of vertu:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce.

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burne*.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monro's;

* Lord Clare's nephew.

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when.

There's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and Hiff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
'There's my countryman Higgins—oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets, who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat:
Such dainties to them it would look like a flirt;
Like sending 'em ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
Anacquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
Who smil'd as he gaz'd at the ven'son and me.

"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating?

"Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"

"Why whose should it be, sir?" cried I, with a
"founce;

"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce;

"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

"Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,

"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

"To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

"No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three*;

"We'll have Johnson and Burke; all the wits will
"be there;

"My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.

"And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

"We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.

"I'll take no denial—it shall and it must,

"And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

"Here, porter—this ven'son with me to Mile-end!

"No words, my dear Goldsmith—my friend—my
"dear friend!"

Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good ven'son pasty
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
 (A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine),
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke could not come;
 "And I knew it," he cry'd, "both eternally fail,
 "The one at the House, and the other with Thrale:
 "But no matter; I'll warrant we'll make up the party
 "With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty:
 "The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 "Who dabble and write in the papers like you;
 "The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
 "Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fry'd liver and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
 At the sides there were spinage and pudding made hot;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian:
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
 brogue:

And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,

"A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;

"Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst

"But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."

"The tripe!" quoth the Jew: "if the truth I must
 "speak,

"I could eat of this tripe seven days in a week:

"I like these here dinners so pretty and small;

"But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."

"Oh hol" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
 "He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 "There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew ;
 "I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 "What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot ;
 "Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot."
 "We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out ;
 "We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night ;
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similies drop—
 And now that I think on't the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning :
 At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own ;
 So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION*.

A POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
 united.

* Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally
 dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. One day it was

If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our Deant shall be ven'son, just fresh from the plains ;
Our Burke† shall be tongue, with a garnish of
brains ;

Our Will§ shall be wild fowl of excellent flavour,
And Dick|| with his pepper shall heighten the savour ;
Our Cumberland's¶ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas ** is pudding substantial and plain :

Our Garrick's†† a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge‡‡ is anchovy, and Reynolds §§ is lamb ;
That Hickey's||| a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.

proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of criticism. He was called on for *Retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced the poem.

* The master of St. James's Coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

† Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

|| Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

** Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*

†† David Garrick, Esquire.

‡‡ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

||| An eminent attorney.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine: let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth:

If he had any faults he has left us in doubt;
 At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
 Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of
 dining:

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't:
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
 Would you ask for his merits? Alas! he had none;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
 his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!

* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch, afterwards created Viscount Sydney.

What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
 • Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
 Now wrangling and grumbling, to keep up the ball!
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine:
 Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires, from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant re-
 clines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodd[†] shall be pious, our Kenricks[‡] shall lecture;

* Mr. R. Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

Macpherson* write bombast, and call it a style ;
 Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchmen meet Scotchmen and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick : describe him who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man :
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks ; ye Kellys†, and Woodfalls‡ so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
 gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscious'd, and you were be-prais'd !

* James Macpherson, Esq. who, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
 love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Ilickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
 Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye—
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
 hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet*, and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on

* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

Mr. Whitefoord*, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and, deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave † man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill!
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to news-paper essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall‡ confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper wittings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press||.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
"Thou best-humour'd man, with the worst-humour'd
muse."

* Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say, it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

‡ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

|| Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

THE HERMIT.

*The following Letter, addressed to the Printer
of the St. James's Chronicle, appeared in
that Paper in June 1767.*

SIR—AS there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one: and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing; and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* The Fryar of Orders Gray, in Reliq. of Anc. Poetry, Vol. I. p. 243.

THE HERMIT.



"TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Pow'r who pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trim'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?"

THE HERMIT:

51

- " Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.
- " And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
- " And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.
- " For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.
- Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright as transient too.
- The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.
- " And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heav'n and you reside.
- " But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray?
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.
- " My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

- " To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.
- " Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.
- " In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow'r had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me.
- " The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.
- " The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.
- " For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.
- " Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.
- " But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.
- " And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION. 53

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wondering fair one turn'd to chide;
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign:
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true,
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
 Could any accident impair?
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
 Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?
 O had the archer ne'er come down
 To ravage in a country town;
 Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!

54 THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

Oh!—but let exclamation cease;
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honeymoon like lightning flew;
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle:
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee:
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION. 55

Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke,
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies ev'ry vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flow'r,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pastes and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;

With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature ev'ry day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

*To IRIS,**In Bow Street, Covent Garden.*

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?
My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?
A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.
I'll give—but not the full blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
A transitory passion.
I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

In Imitation of Dean Swift.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
 As rational the human mind :
 Reason, they say, belongs to man ;
 But let them prove it, if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove, with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum ;
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em :
 And must in spite of them maintain
 That man and all his ways are vain ;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature :
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute ;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd ;
 No politics distnrb their mind :
 They eat their meals, and take their sport ;
 Nor know who's in or out at court :
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend a foe :
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob* :
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Paternoster-row :

* Sir Robert Walpole.

C 2

58 ON A YOUTH STRUCK BLIND.

No jugglers, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupedes :
 No single brute his fellow leads :
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape.
 Like man, he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion :
 But both in malice and grimaces
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
 Upon the minister of state :
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors :
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen lords and dukes can act ;
 Thus at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike—for all ape all.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

Imitated from the Spanish.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
 Rather in pity, than in hate,
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A NEW SIMILE,

In the Manner of Swift.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
 A likeness for the scribbling kind;
 The modern scribbling kind, who write
 In wit, and sense, and nature's spite;
 Till reading (I forget what day on)
 A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
 I think I met with something there
 To suit my purpose to a hair.
 But let us not proceed too furious;
 First please to turn to god Mercurius:
 You'll find him pictur'd at full length
 In book the second, page the tenth:
 The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
 And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bards decreed;
 A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air:
 And here my simile unites,
 For, in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
 And highly fam'd for several uses:
 To wit—most wondrously endu'd,
 No poppy water half so good;

For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore:
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply begin we then:
 His wand's a modern author's pen;
 The serpents round about it twin'd
 Denote him of the reptile kind;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites:
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike too both conduce to sleep.
 This difference only, as the god
 Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
 Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover, Mercury had a failing:
 Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
 In which all modern bards agree,
 Being each as great a thief as he:
 But e'en this deity's existence
 Shall lend my simile assistance.
 Our modern bards! why what a pox
 Are they but senseless stones and blocks

AN ELEGY

On the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

61

In Isling-town there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd ;
The man recover'd of the bite ;
The dog it was that died.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHNS TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
" An't please you," quoth John, " I'm not given to
letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd ! without thinking on asses."
Edinburgh, 1753.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die!

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED- CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

S O N G,

*Intended to have been sung in the Comedy of
"She Stoops to Conquer."*

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false-one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

Oh, Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!

Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below:
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON*.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack:
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
 MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.
 The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

* This person was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*. Goldsmith's epitaph is nearly a translation from a little piece of De Cailly's, called *La Mort du Sire Estienne*.

A SONNET.

63

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and sattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size;
 She never slumber'd in her pew—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more;
 The king himself has follow'd her—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short-all;
 The doctors found, when she was dead,
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
 She had not died to-day.

 S O N G.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to every gay delight;
 Myra, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
 Had Myra follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

S O N G.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still, on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.



S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

A PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by the Poet Laberius, a Roman Knight, whom Caesar forced upon the Stage.

Preserved by Macrobius*.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage!
 And save from infamy my sinking age!
 Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
 Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;
 For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
 Caesar persuades, submission must be mine;
 Him I obey, whom Heaven himself obeys,
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
 Here then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame:
 No more my titles shall my children tell,
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE,

A Tragedy.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
 The distant climates, and the savage shore;
 When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
 And quit for Venus many a brighter here;

* This translation was first printed in one of Goldsmith's earliest works, "The present State of Learning in Europe," 12mo. 1759.

While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
 Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
 Our bard into the general spirit enters,
 And fits his little frigate for adventures.
 With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
 He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
 Yet, ere he lands, has order'd me before,
 To make an observation on the shore.
 Where are we driven? our reck'ning sure is lost !
 This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
 Lord ! what a sultry climate am I under !
 Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder :

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen
 'em—

[*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in 'em—

[*Balconies.*

Here ill-conditioned oranges abound—

[*Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground :

[*Tasting them.*

Th' inhabitants are cannibals, I fear :

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !

O, there the people are—best keep my distance ;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance ;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure ; lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What no reply to promises so ample ?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWIS,

In the Character of Harlequin, at his Benefit.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your
nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,

My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;

That I found humour in a pyeball vest,

Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off his mask.]

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?

Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;

In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,

The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.

How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood

Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!

Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;

Whose only plot it is to break our noses;

Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,

And from above the dangling deities.

And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?

May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!

No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage:

Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.

Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!

The maddening monarch revels in my veins.

Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—

soft—'twas but a dream.

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating;

If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood :

"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick
shanks,

They neither have my gratitude nor thanks :
They're perfectly disgraceful ! strike me dead !
But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.

How piercing is that eye ! how sleek that brow !
My horns !—I'm told horns are the fashion now."

While thus he spoke, astonish'd ! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.
Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thund'ring from be-
hind,

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze
At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
Whilst his long limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

EPILOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!

Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.

But how? aye, there's the rub! [*pausing*]
—I've got my cue:

The world's a masquerade! the maskers, you, you,
you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*

Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close behind 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.

Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round
parade,

Looking, as who should say, Damme! who's afraid?

[*Mimicking*

Strip but this vizer off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in
black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

FINIS.

Ellerton and Henderson, Printers,
Johnson's Court, London.

503162